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Goodness and Manhood.

The older I grow the more I revere goodness,—just plain everyday goodness, having nothing heroical nor spectacular in it,—for I think this is the gift of which God has been the least prodigal. Intelligence without goodness may mean nothing higher than a prize fighter, but goodness with strength and intelligence makes a man as he was created to be, an image of the Godhead. The most symmetrical man in this century was Mr. Gladstone, and his moral nature was as sweet and wholesome as his intellect and body were strong. In mind, in heart, in soul, in everything but physique and inches, he was a giant. But the salient feature in Gladstone's character, and what lifts him above every contemporary, was his moral earnestness. He was a good man, and his religious convictions formed the warp and woof of his nature.—*Carina Campbell Eaglefield, in the January Woman's Home Companion.*

Heroes of the Rail.

Killed, 1,958.

Injured, 31,761.

Force engaged, less than 300,000.

Above is the year's record of an army which has never left the boundaries of the United States—the army of practical railway employes, the men who move the trains. The figures are taken from the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, just published. They tell their own story. The commission has gathered data showing that the danger to the trainman, the engineer, the fireman, the conductor, and the rest of the force actively employed about trains is scarcely less than that faced by the soldier in the Philippines.

These crude comparisons are enough to show that there are other heroes besides those who wear the government uniform and carry a gun. The home heroes are apt to be grimy fellows in checked shirts and greasy overalls. They are modest. They face danger every day and every hour of the day. There is little glamor about their work. There are no brass bands or cheering crowds when they go away; no flowers and banquets when they come back. Thousands of lives depend on their care and watchfulness.—*Chicago Journal.*

Made Right Inside.

Peace springs from within the soul, asking little odds as to outward circumstances. Paul and Silas, singing in the jail at Philippi and making their chains accompany a Psalm of David in expressing peace that the world cannot give, have many successors to-day. Two students of one of our largest universities, while fighting their way for an education, strolled off one afternoon for a walk on the tow path. They saw an old man with a rope over his shoulder drawing a large boat partly filled with stones. One of the students remarked to the other that being poor was hard enough, but being compelled to take the place of a mule was downright cruelty. As they drew near the old man they heard him singing along his way, the old gentleman cheerfully remarking, as they commiserated his hard lot, "It is all right, boys, only a mile more and I shall have finished my week's work; to-morrow is Sunday—a whole day with my family, and time to worship God."

Once, when accosting a man on his way home, bearing a sack of flour on his back, and asking him if he did not think it rather hard to work all the week and then tramp home with such a load, he replied, "God has made me *inside* so that this fifty pounds of flour is more to me than the finest team of horses to a millionaire, so you see, stranger, things are not so bad as they seem; the trouble is inside of folks."—*The Interior.*

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